The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home.

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Ministry.

They are blind, and they are dead:
We will wake them as we go;
There are words have not been said,
There are sounds they do not know.
We will pipe and we will sing—
With the Music and the Spring,
Set their hearts a-wondering.

They are tired of what is old;
We will give it voices new;
For the half hath not been told
Of the Beautiful and True.
Drowsy eyelids shut and sleeping!
Heavy eyes oppressed with weeping!
Flashes through the lashes leaping!

Ye that have a pleasant voice,
Hither come without delay;
Ye will never have a choice
Like to that ye have to-day:
Round the wide world we will go,
Singing through the frost and snow,
Till the daisies are in blow.

Ye that cannot pipe or sing,
Ye must also come with speed;
Ye must come, and with ye bring
Weightier word and weightier deed—
Helping hands and loving eyes!
These will make them truly wise—
Then will be our Paradise!

GEORGE MACDONALD.

The Life Beautiful.

A GUILD ADDRESS.

It turns out that there are many more or less worthy people in the world who yet are not pleasant to live with. They are honest, truthful, sincere; they do their duty, pay their debts, go to church, and are eminently respectable; but they are not attractive. They have no charm, and do not know how to be gracious. On the contrary, they are stiff, or critical, or fault-finding, or superior, so that of such people I have heard men say, "If they are going to heaven I don't want to go there!" Sometimes this is said extravagantly, unwarrantably; yet often I fear it is said too justly. Alas! you may have a great many virtues and *no graces*. What would you think of men who were all skeleton? All the bones are there,—every one perfect, but there is no soft, fair covering of rounded flesh, with all its curves and colouring. They have the virtues but not the graces of the human body. Not infrequently is it so with character. All the backbone virtues are there, but they are bare and gaunt; they sadly lack clothing in some garment of grace. Men fail to understand that life to be perfect must be beautiful as well as strong; winning, lovely, and pleasant as well as upright and strenuous.

It becomes the young more than others to remember that the characteristics of the truly religious life are not whatsoever things are harsh and ugly, but "whatsoever things are lovely and of good report."

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There is one feature of the age in which we live that sometimes escapes notice, although it is a feature full of hope and meaning. I refer to the rapid growth and spread in our midst of a sense of beauty, the craving for it not only as a source of pleasure but as a satisfaction of the mind. Within the last 100 years there has been formed in this country a kind of passion for scenery and natural beauty. Wordsworth led the way; Tennyson followed, and the work has been taken up by that great school of landscape painting which is the glory of English art. These prophets of the beautiful have succeeded in opening men's eyes to the splendours of earth and sea and sky, to the loveliness of dawn and sunset, of running brooks, the flowing mountain curves, the smell of the rosebud, and the unimaginable sweetness of the primrose. Look at the quantity of travelling there is every summer purely to get the sight of beautiful objects,—Devonshire lanes, Scottish lakes, Yorkshire moors, Welsh hills, Swiss mountains, Surrey commons, Norfolk broads, Cornish rocks and seas, and so on without end. The popular pursuit of beauty is a new feature in the history of the human mind, the inoculation of the crowd with it, the thing made such a business of.

Further, alongside the growth of a taste for natural beauty there has been developed a better taste in art, a truer feeling for form and colour which has almost revolutionised our homes. How different the furniture, the wall papers, the hangings, the carpets, the colouring from 100 years ago! We are amazed now to remember the ugliness of the early Victorian period, the excruciating taste of its home surroundings, crude colours, hideous designs, vulgar patterns, and all the rest of the features of the middle-class sitting-rooms. Not in vain has John Ruskin lived and taught; not in vain has William Morris laboured; not in vain have we been invaded by the Japanese; not in vain have Kyrle societies been formed. Our genial friend *Punch* pokes its fun at our Æstheticism, but Æstheticism is nothing to be ashamed of, for it is simply one side of our varied and God-given nature asserting itself after ages of neglect.

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Amidst the wide-spread feeling for beauty which now manifests itself in so many ways let it be borne in upon us that there is such a thing as moral beauty, of which natural beauty indeed is the image and parable. There is a tendency in these days, while making much of beauty, to think of it, I will not say simply as an attribute of nature, but simply as the province of art. So strong is this idea that in some circles character, with its grave and serious morality, is thought to be the enemy of beauty, and it is openly preached that if we would enjoy to the full the finer and more exquisite shades of beauty we must not be too particular about character. It is a hateful doctrine. It arises not from a fuller, but from a narrower perception of beauty than that held by the great poets and artists of the race. With them beauty attains its finest flowers, its richest colours, its most attractive grace in the nobility, heroism, love, and rectitude of human lives. Read Shakespeare, Walter Scott, Tennyson, Browning—all of them artists of the first water, having an exquisite sense of the beautiful—and see how they find the supremest manifestation of beauty in the Life Beautiful of the human soul. They make goodness so charming, winning, and attractive, that all hearts are drawn up to the heights of character as by irresistible, viewless hands.

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There are, of course, some aspects of the Life Beautiful we all admire at once. They are what may be called its simple, primitive, heroic forms. The courage of young David before Goliath, the sweet, devoted love of Ruth, the constancy of Penelope, the martyr's fidelity, the flinging away of life like a flower for country and freedom, the generous humanity which plunges into the stormy sea to save a little child—these are felt to consecrate the soul wherever they are shown, and to crown it with a garland of beauty. Life is full of instances of this kind. Almost every day we hear of some fireman, sailor, engineer, some rough collier, some rude specimen of humanity who suddenly shines out in the beauty of a deed of self-forgetting valour.

You think, perhaps, that you are not called to any such heroism as this; and yet is there

not need and scope for the primitive virtue of courage, with its grand beauty, even in the commonplace life of to-day? You are in a shop or a factory where truth and love and purity are all made a jest and a mockery, where companions of your own age say to you, "Don't be a milksop, come with us, see life, have your fling; taste the pleasure of living," and you find it hard to say "No." Everything you know to be good is jeered at, and you keep silent, and are tongue-tied by cowardice when loyalty demands you should confess which side you are on. Oh! there are many men prodigally gifted with animal courage, the iron nerve, the steady hand—men who could ride without a fear against a flaming battery, and stand amidst the murderous rain of bullets on a battlefield as calm as on a parade-day, who in all the higher reaches and tests of courage must be characterised as cowards. They are the men of whom Bunyan speaks so quaintly—

Though you could crack a coward's crown,
Or quarrel for a pin,
You dare not on the wicked frown,
Or speak against a sin.

It is harder to face ridicule than bullets, to witness against wrong-doing in the workshop than to lead a forlorn hope against a fortress. But a manly heart will show manly piety—the courageous piety that dares to stand for truth, right, and purity, and justice in small things and in obscure places. It is a primary element of the Life Beautiful, and whenever it is seen men admire it.

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But the Life Beautiful is not only for those who are called to stand in scenes of great trial; it is for ordinary people on ordinary occasions. It consists largely, as I have indicated, in clothing virtue with grace, in putting fair, soft, and rounded flesh on the gaunt bones of duty. It is not enough that you are generous; the Bible says "God loveth a *cheerful* giver." That is you are not only to give, but you are to give with a smile, to give willingly, to give being glad to give. Alas! so much giving is reluctant—the gift comes, it is true, but only after a great deal of begging, grudgingly, and as if parting with your very life. There is no beauty in such giving; it has no grace. So with conscience, justice, truth, and all the strong, and, as they are sometimes thought, stern virtues of life; they are to go along with humility, patience, thoughtfulness for others. Always speak the truth! That is sound advice. But the apostle gives us a better counsel—"Speaking the truth *in love.*" There is a truth-speaking which is ugly, bitter, and not in love at all. There are hard, sharp-eyed, critical men who always see everybody's faults but their own, and who think truthfulness demands they shall proclaim aloud what they see. They publish their neighbours' faults, and they call it attacking evil. Their conscience is very sensitive to other people's failings. But there is no beauty in fault-finding. There is great beauty in the charity which thinketh no evil and covereth a multitude of sins. We are to speak the truth, but that alone might be hideous. We are to speak the truth in love, and then it is beautiful.

Holiness! who can attain it? Yet it is not holiness only we are to strive after; it is the beauty of holiness, the holiness which is not puffed up, the holiness which does not behave itself unseemly, which is sweet, gracious, and attractive.

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You may sometimes hear men groan because they are neuralgic. And if a handsome man or a beautiful woman is suffering from neuralgia it takes all the beauty out of them for the time being. The face agonised with pain loses all its fairness, attraction, and charm. But there are men and women whose temper has been neuralgic all their life, and nobody groaned but those who unfortunately had to live with them. And they are "ill gey" to live with, as Mrs. Carlyle said about her great son, —not beautiful but ugly. Men do not want to be beautiful in their temper and moral nature. And the business of life has a tendency to make them hard, sharp, rasping, selfish, proud, and self-asserting, until there is no beauty in them. And they tell you that practical life is a very different thing from your Life Beautiful, and does not permit the realisation of all the fair dreams of youth anent generosity, nobility, and self-denial.

It is most dismally false. It *is* possible in this world for men to be brave, tender, and true; unselfish, pure, and beautiful. It costs some trouble, but it is worth what it costs a thousand times over. And we are all called to it. The young man behind the shop-counter may live the Life Beautiful as truly as a Henry Lawrence or Philip Sydney. The

young girl in the telegraph office may be just as fair and gracious in spirit as a Mrs. Browning or a Florence Nightingale. You may be of such a disposition that your very coming into a room may be welcomed like the coming in of a handful of roses. There may be such beauty of character in you that men shall delight to be in your company. It is true I should not want to be a Christian if it meant being what some men are who call themselves Christians. But there are loyal souls among us whom to know is a benediction, whom to see is a pleasure, so full of blossom are they, so fragrant, true, and kind.

JOSEPH WOOD.

"Pensees" Writers.

PART II.

Joseph Joubert was born at Montignac, in Périgord, in 1754. He readily gained admission to literary circles. He made the acquaintance of Marmontel, La Harpe, d'Alembert, and Diderot, and for a time was carried along by the tide of revolutionary ideas and manners. But a time came when he wrote: "My discoveries—and who has not made his discoveries?—have brought me back to my prejudices." Joubert was associated with the peaceful salon of Mme. de Beaumont, and later of Mme. de Vintimille. It was in such salons that the "spirit of conversation" so long reigned and flourished in the 18th century, and where, no doubt in the clash and flash of thought and wit, this species of literature took its rise and found its inevitable development. The time not spent in the salons and conversation was spent by Joubert in a choice library, solitude, and meditation. At the very top of his house he arranged a room where was to be found the wished for "plenty of sky and little earth"—characteristic enough of the man. The last entry he made in his journal was on the 22nd March, 1824, and consisted in the four words, "*le vrai, le brau, le juste, le saint!*" This, says M. Poitou, might have served for his motto. It represented his true ideal. He has "the art of condensing his thought and driving it home to the mind of the reader with a flash." He has said of himself: "If ever a man was tormented by the accursed ambition of putting a whole book into a page, a whole page into a phrase, and that phrase into a word, I am that man." "These 'Pensées' of Joubert," wrote John Ruskin to Professor Attwell, "are out and out the wisest and most precious things for this time I've ever seen in print." Let me cull just a few. "Religion is neither a theology nor a theosophy; it is more than that, it is a discipline, a law, a yoke, an indissoluble engagement." "Religion is a fire which example keeps alive, and which goes out if not communicated." "Why is even a bad preacher listened to with pleasure by pious folk? It is because he speaks to them of what they love. But you who explain religion to the men of this century, and speak to them of what they have, perhaps, once loved, or what they would fain love, should bear in mind that they are not yet enamoured of your subject, and you should take care to speak well." "The Bible is to religion what the Iliad is to poetry." "There is in the soul a taste for the good, just as there is in the body an appetite for enjoyment." "Imagination is the eye of the soul." "There are minds that resemble those convex or concave mirrors which represent objects just as they receive them, but which never receive them as they really are." "Our worries always come from our weaknesses." "One ought not to choose for a wife a woman whom one would not choose for a friend were she a man." "We may convince others by *our* arguments, but we can only persuade them by their *own*." "It is better to debate a question without settling it than to settle it without debating it." "What is true by lamplight is not always true by sunlight." "Those who never retract their opinions love themselves more than they love truth." "Religion is the sole metaphysics that the masses are capable of understanding and adopting." "The sound of the drum dissipates thought, hence it is that this instrument is eminently military." "What is marvellous in the saints is not their miracles, but their conduct." "To flatter the populace during political tempests is to tell the waves to control the ship, and the pilot to yield to the current." "Children have more need of models than of critics." "Children must be rendered reasonable, but not reasoners." "Poetry is to be found nowhere unless we carry it within us." "Words become luminous when the poet's finger has passed over them its phosphorescence." "The mind must rest as well as work. To write too much ruins

it: to leave off writing rusts it." "Ignorance which in behaviour mitigates a fault is in literature a capital offence." "Young writers give their minds much exercise and little food." "The orator is busied with his subject, the elocutionist with his *rôle;* one works, the other performs. The first is a person unfolding to us grand ideas; the second a personage dealing in fine words." "Taste is the literary conscience of the soul." "In order to read with fruit the attention must be rendered so firm that it sees ideas just as the eye sees bodies."

I will not now do more than mention the name of the prince of "Pensées" writers, Blaise Pascal. His "Pensées" are a study apart: they exhibit, to use Ste-Beuve's expression, "a ravenous pursuit of truth," or, to use his own phrase, he was seeking "the truth with groans," and *that* he held to be "the only wise part" of a man's labours. The most luminous chapter I have ever read on Pascal's "Pensées" is in M. Emile Boutroux's masterly life of him. There is shown his intimate connection with Montaigne's type of thought, and the Herculean effort he made to try and convince "free-thinkers" of Montaigne's type of the Eternal Reality of God and the soul. To get men rightly started on the track of the search for God, that was his passionate desire. Never did a writer take up his *rôle* so solemnly and sacredly as Pascal. The writer must influence souls, but cannot succeed without Divine aid. Hence before writing he must kneel and pray both for himself and the soul he would save. *Inclina cor meum,* that is the prayer he desires the reader to pray with him. For the best reasons will be vain if the heart is not disposed to receive them. "He who is seeking God," said Pascal, "has already found Him." The difficulty is to constrain men to seek. Pascal first forges the instrument by which he hopes to constrain the reluctant will as well as convince the doubting mind. His style, says M. Boutroux, possesses all the qualities which seize upon the soul. And Petit de Julleville exclaims: "Le style de Pascal est la perfection même, la perfection absolue. . . . Qui plus que lui avait le droit d'écrire: Quand on voit le style naturel on est tout étonné et ravi; car on s'attendait de trouver un autuer et on trouve un homme."

I am much tempted to do more than merely mention two other great names—one, La Bruyère, whose "Caractères," originally published under the ægis of a translation of Theophrastus, seems to me somehow fatally connected with a nineteenth century imitation known as "Theophrastus Such." "Its great authoress," says Mr. Morley, "was urged by a friend to fill up a gap in our literature by composing a volume of 'Thoughts.' The result was that most insufferable of all deadly-lively prosings in our sublunary world, 'Theophrastus Such.'" Here it is appropriate to quote another judgment of Mr. John Morley's, "In this department our literature is particularly weak, while French literature is particularly strong in it. With the exception of Bacon, we have no writer of Apophthegms of the first order, and the difference between Bacon as a moralist and Pascal or Vauvenargues is the difference between Polonius's famous discourse to Laertes and the soliloquy of Hamlet." He also thinks that the French Maximists or "Pensées" Writers would have expressed themselves lyrically, some of them, especially Vauvenargues, but for the prescribed stateliness and stiffness of their verse at the time. The other great name I referred to is Henri Fréderic Amiel, of Geneva, and his "Journal Intime," a book which was first put into my hand by a French student in Paris with the remark that it was "a living book." One can well believe what a sensation its posthumous publication caused. It has been splendidly translated by Mrs. Humphry Ward, with a masterly introduction by her hand. The "Journal" was published in the year following Amiel's death, 1882. Mrs. Humphry Ward says of him, "that he lived alone, and died sadly persuaded that his life had been a barren mistake; whereas all the while—such is the irony of things—he had been in reality working out the mission assigned him in the spiritual economy, and faithfully obeying the secret mandate which had impressed itself upon his youthful consciousness: 'Let the living live; and you gather together your thoughts, leave behind you a legacy of feeling and ideas; you will be most useful so.'" The problem of life, it seems to me, presented itself to Amiel very much in the form it seems to have done to Job, "*Why is light given* to a man whose way is hid, and whom God hath hedged in?" Faith, which he defined as "Certitude without proofs," and therefore "an energetic prin-

ciple of action" was the light. The soul with this lamp stands in the darkness, and for a time where many roads meet, and the ordained way hid with the rest—hedged in, therefore, by uncertainty. The soul sets to work to throw this light upon all the ways till it finds the way that had been hid: it can now break loose and journey forth, yet in a sense more hedged in than ever, only this time not by confusion but by fixed lines of conduct, the path with the fixed boundaries of *duty*. In saying that faith, "certitude without proofs," is an energetic principle of action, Amiel doubtless means that no one pursues truth for truth's sake, or does his duty for duty's sake, with the same impulse of joy as he who feels that the source of the feeling that it is right to pursue truth and right to do the dictates of duty is *in* God, *is* God. And in summing up the life and aim in life of Marcus Aurelius (another of the great "Pensées" writers) he seems to be reflecting his own. "To see all things in God; to make of one's life a journey towards the ideal; to live with gratitude, with devoutness, with gentleness and courage; this was the splendid aim of Marcus Aurelius." Nor are Marcus Aurelius's own words inappropriate to Amiel, "He that is come to the top of wisdom and practice spends every day as if it were his last, and is never guilty of over-excitement, sluggishness, or insincerity."

Lest I should be thought to have ignored the fact that not only the French, but the Romans and the Greeks, and many others produced great "Pensées" writers, or to have ignored another fact, that "Pensées" are scattered in rich profusion in the works of great writers, indeed are the chief cause why they are great and sought after, let me just name a few which appear to claim the title as instanced, most of them, in Mr. John Morley's excellent address on Aphorisms, adding a few others that I think come also within the same category: — Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, Seneca, Plutarch, Thucydides, Tacitus, Horace, Raleigh, Harrington, Herder, Burke, Shakespeare, Pope, Burton, Fuller, Browne, Addison, Johnson, Ben Jonson in his "Discoveries," Clarendon, Burnet, Selden, Coleridge, Erasmus, Æsop, Jesus son of Sirach, Thomas à Kempis, Blackie, Penn, Hare, St. Simon, Sir Thomas Overbury, Shaftesbury, Cardinal de Retz, De Bonald, Machiavelli, Rodowitz, Charron, Luther, and not forgetting the Bible. Pray let not the portal's amplitude deceive you, nor consider a display of names to be an assumption of learning, though I doubt not most of these are more than mere names to most of us. But perhaps the expression "Pensées" writers ought more strictly to be confined to the great French series of writers—Montaigne, La Rochefoucauld, Vauvenargues, Pascal, Nicole, La Bruyère, Charnfort, Joubert, Amiel. Plutarch's "Lives" has been called "the pasture of great souls." Well, the "Pensées" writers afford a rich pasture for all souls, especially for those of us who have to feed souls and save souls. If there is any warning note it is supplied by Plutarch, who says, "It is well to go for a light to another man's fire, but by no means to tarry by it, instead of kindling a torch of their own." As I draw to a conclusion I begin to grow apprehensive lest, like that famous archer, Robin-a-Bobbin,

I've bent my bow,
Shot at a pigeon
And killed a crow.

If such is the case I trust you will mislike it not for its complexion, or if you do, that you will forthwith make a scare-crow of it, and gibbet it as an awful warning to any other Robbin-a-Bobbin whose aims are laudable, but who is a bad shot. We have most of us kept a diary, our "Journal Intime," so to speak, and I fancy the precious secrets we have entrusted to its immaculate pages have been for some few weeks the state of the weather in the morning and evening, and the time we got up. Have you ever shot at another pigeon and aimed at being a "Pensées" writer? Could you make a worse shot than the following? If so, there is hope for you. In the country (and I live in the country) one reads by lamp-light or by candle-light, hence one's thoughts are lucubrations. Wandering in the vicinity of the word "lucubrations" in the Latin dictionary, which did not seem to me modest enough or large enough for a title to cover a multitude of sins, I stumbled upon the ideal word for the purpose, *lucubratiunculæ*, ironically called a diminutive, and to keep it in countenance, added Thomasianæ. And then the mountain brought forth its first "Paunsé," and I understood with Joubert how "the mind conceives with pain, but brings forth with joy." Gentle reader, I present you with my first-born and probably only Pensée-child, the fruit of mature thought and

extensive observation, and it is this, that the less you know the more you think you know; the more you know the less you know you know. This is probably the last appearance of my "Journal Intime," *alias* Lucubratiunculæ Thomasianæ. My attempt, however, marvellously helps me to understand and realise that here again one could be even a "Pensées"-writer, as Wordsworth could have written Shakespeare's plays (and perhaps Bacon's as well) if only one had a mind to, and also to appreciate once again the encouragement offered by a French wit who said, "It is so easy not to write a play in five acts." It is so easy not to raise a crop of Pansies.

E. L. H. Thomas.

One's Own Way.

There is, perhaps, no trait in human nature that is more under the ban of a general and by no means concealed aversion than that which is vaguely designated as the liking to have one's own way. It is held up to protest, to scorn, to denunciation. Yet, after all, what is better? Another person's way? But to pursue that successfully requires all the personal inclination of angle, the thousand subtle determining causes that go with it, and which no individual can ever transfer to another. Yet the strong bent to one's own devices and plans is not unlikely to keep one in a state of semi-martyrdom for the first twenty-five years of life. This instinct in a child is called obstinacy, and is usually rebuked and repressed by parents and teachers. In early youth family and friends look on it with distrust, if not with positive disapproval, and it is only after one has at last succeeded in asserting his individuality and holding his own, that this distrust or disapproval becomes mitigated.

It may safely be asserted that no one who depends on another to make out his path for him can ever make much impression on life. "A poor thing, but mine own," said Touchstone, and so saying defined the secret of power. One's own way may be in the abstract a poor thing, but, being one's own, its chances of success are far above those that attend a better way, not one's own.

In fact, the magic of success is to believe this. The people who ask for counsel and advice, and get it—and, what is more, follow it—precipitate themselves into a chaotic wilderness, "where nothing is but what is not." The man who asks what you think he can do, cannot, it is probable, do anything of much account. If he has not the polarity of knowing his own way, and having a way of his own to know, he is drifting too aimlessly to arrive at any specific destination. With no trust in himself he cannot inspire trust in others.

The new education is everywhere recognising the importance of the training of the will, and to lead the will to express itself in acts and customs. This is a return to the principles of Aristotle, whose system of ethics furnishes permanent illumination, which has never been surpassed. "We acquire the virtues," he said, "by doing the acts." "We become builders by building, and so by doing right acts we become righteous," which, after all, is but another way of saying, "He that doeth the will shall know of the doctrine."

There is a delicate point between the apotheosis of will, the positiveness and confidence that marks out one's own way and follows it, and that over-confidence in one's own powers which leads to the undue exaggeration of egoism; and egoism and conceit are largely due to the lack of any just standard of measurement. To "know the best that has been thought and said in the world," which is the knowledge held by Matthew Arnold as supremely desirable, is to know how far short of what is really great and permanent in thought, action, or literature, one's own achievements are apt to be. Devotion to one's own way only becomes heroic when some other object higher than ministering to personal gain, or greed, or vanity is the object pursued. It is not unmixed selfishness, or coarse egoism of flaunting boastfulness that may be rightly considered in carrying out one's own way. These are of the lower plane to which it may degenerate, and are its abuses rather than uses. It is only when conserved to ends noble in themselves, when it is informed, not only by intellectual purpose but by moral energy, that it becomes worthy to create and control a happy future.

If ever we would see the reign of justice on earth, we must see that justice is done in our own little corner.

Art and Life.

CIMABUE.

No one, I think, can visit Florence without being struck by the splendid inheritance of the people. There are churches, towers, squares and gardens, statues and pictures, which are public property. The art treasures of the city, which are the admiration of the whole civilised world, are not shut up in private mansions for the selfish pleasure of the few. *Most of them are in the street.* Giotto's Tower with its glowing marbles and immortal sculpture, Brunelleschi's mighty dome, Ghiberti's bronze gates, which Michael Angelo declared worthy to be the gates of heaven, Cellini's statue of Perseus, Della Robbia's children, and scores of priceless things, are and always have been in the open air for every passer-by to look at.

The highest art lives in the public sympathy, and perishes in the hot-house of private patronage. The temples of Greece, the Doge's Palace in Venice, our Norman and Gothic cathedrals, the poems of Homer, the plays of Æschylus and Shakespeare, the music of Handel and Mendelssohn, the Book of Psalms, were produced for public not for private uses. It is the same with painting. In Florence painting followed architecture. New and large churche meant wall-space for sculptures and pictures. There was no printing. Books were few. The masses of the population could not read. What they knew of religion had to be gathered from the preachers' lips. The Friars revived preaching, and the painter, as well as the sculptor, came to the assistance of the preacher. The great schools of Italian painting originated, as did the English drama, in the desire to aid in the spread of the Gospel.

As there were no native painters when the new churches of Florence were built, Greeks were invited from Byzantium (which is the old name of Constantinople), and the earliest school of Florentine painting is known, therefore, as the "Byzantine." It is very solemn work, very formal, in conformity with ancient rules, devoid almost of perspective, light and shade, and proportion. Yet it is the best of that period, and the beginning of great things. One of the first churches the Byzantines decorated was the Dominican St. Mary's. Here they were watched by a boy in the monastery-school, named John Cenni—afterwards Cimabue. He left his lessons to be with them, covered his book with sketches

of their work, and at length was taken as a pupil. For years he diligently copied their strange allegorical designs, the stiff draperies and angular joints of Madonnas and Apostles. At last he found that he could do them better than his masters, and he struck out in a direction of his own. Why should he imitate these foreigners? He did not see why he should be bound to their venerable traditions. "I will paint the Madonna," he said, "as nearly as I can as a real living woman." Instead, therefore, of looking for his model in the pictures of his teachers, he studied the faces of the Florentine women, perhaps asked one, or more, to sit for him, and, persevering, produced after a time a Madonna different from anything seen before, with something like flesh upon her bones, and a smile upon her countenance, and a real live baby on her bosom. When the picture was finished and brought from his garden to be carried to the Church of St. Mary, it was met by a crowd of people and borne in triumph through the city. So remarkable was the reception given to it that the neighbourhood was ever after called The Glad Quarter.

When I was in Florence I went to see this painting. It is a poor, faded, cracked thing now, and never can have been very beautiful. But, compared with what went before it, it *is* beautiful, and full of careful, loving workmanship. There is not a square inch of its sixty feet of surface that is not wrought, as Mr. Ruskin says, "with the fineness of a Greek manuscript."

Cimabue dared to go to Nature. To do that, to trust the work and ways of God, to prefer His truth to man's dogma, is the mark of all free and progressive minds. Every real advance the world has made has been a going to Nature, a turning from an old law to a higher, from an ancient human authority to a divine. Let a man dare to do this in art, science, political economy, religion, carefully and conscientiously and full of love, and who will say what far-reaching consequences may follow?

But Cimabue's picture tells us also something of his patrons. The Florentine people were proud of him, partly because he had outstripped the foreign artists, chiefly because he had given them something to admire. *What was dear to him was also pleasing to them.* He received his ideas from them and gave them back to them in a form which kindled fresh emotion. That is what the great artist always does. He cannot be his best unless he has this sympathy. His energies droop without it. His work, springing from the *heart*, needs the constant touch of kindred spirits. Cimabue and Giotto met with such fellow-feeling. In praise of the first the citizens threw their hats in the air, followed his picture in triumphant procession, and called the locality "Il borgo allegro." And of the latter they said "Since our Giotto is without a superior in the world, he shall build our Bell Tower and shall do it as perfectly as he can."

And it must be observed that the link between artist and public in each case was not merely one of *taste*, but of *religious faith* as well.

Cimabue, you remember, found Giotto trying to draw his father's sheep in a field. He discovered the boy's genius, and trained it, until at last it surpassed his own. Nor was he then jealous, as some had been of himself. Margaritone of Arezzo, who kept to the old Byzantine manner, died, we are told, "infastidito"—tired out and disgusted—with Cimabue's success. But Cimabue, it is said, smiled at the first stroke which passed what he could do. Giotto was dearer to him than before; and when he died he left him his property, including his house in The Glad Quarter.

This, however, was a small part of his bequest. The spiritual inheritance was much greater. When Cimabue went to Assisi to paint in the church erected over the grave of St. Francis, Giotto, no doubt, accompanied him, and saw him, probably, at work upon a Madonna, which is still there, with St. Francis by her side. Giotto also saw him painting here scenes from the life of Christ. In one of the frescoes, which is much injured, the head of Mary, weeping beneath the cross, is, by rare good fortune, preserved. It is one of the best pieces of painting we have from Cimabue, and has been described by Mr. Ruskin as "the noblest to this day among all the Mater Dolorosas of Christianity."

Why is it thus noble? Because it is well drawn? No, for the drawing is far from correct. Because the colouring is good? No, for it is dark and dingy. Why then? Because of the *expression*—so sincere, so unaffected, so intense. Cimabue has felt and has drawn, with awkward

but powerful lines, the very essence of motherly anguish, and has left it there for others to feel after him. Lesser painters have produced more perfect feature, anatomy, colour, chiaroscuro, but have not so completely caught and expressed *the mind*. E.I.F.

Thoughts on Christology.*

Nothing in connection with the question, "What think ye of Christ?" is more remarkable than its quality of inevitableness. From the day when it was first asked until our own, men have found that question to be, not only of unfailing interest, but one which they could not pass by, were compelled to find an answer to; and while those answers have differed, and continue to differ, immensely from each other, no one has yet pretended to treat the question itself as other than of supreme importance. Try to persuade ourselves as we may, from time to time, that the personality of Jesus belongs merely to the history of Religion and not to Religion itself—that it possesses, in other words, only a subsidiary and antiquarian interest—presently we become aware once more that, all the arguments on the other side notwithstanding, the topic is not so to be disposed of. A Christology of some kind seems inevitable and indispensable; and, like Nature herself, when we have quite made up our minds that we can dispense with it, *usque recurrit*.

To the truth of this general observation the publication of Dr. Drummond's Essex Hall Lecture—appearing, as it does, at a time when there seemed to be a widespread feeling in our circles that, as compared with the *teachings* of Jesus, any doctrine concerning his *person* was negligible, if not a positive danger and hindrance—bears eloquent witness. In spite of everything that has been said to the contrary, this question retains its actuality and even urgency to the full; we cannot treat it as indifferent—we cannot, certainly, decline to give the most respectful and attentive hearing to anything the Principal of Manchester College may have to say on this subject—or any other, for that matter.

The present writer owns to a sense of considerable embarrassment in setting out to review Dr. Drummond's striking deliverance; he has too recently passed from his *alma mater* not to be strongly conscious of the incongruity involved in his commenting upon a pronouncement made by one not only illustrious as a scholar, but known and revered by all for his rare spiritual insight. For the pupil to signify even "agreement" with the conclusions of the master, might in itself appear evidence of a presumption of which we can only earnestly protest our innocence; and, indeed, we shall limit ourselves in this article to presenting a survey rather than attempt to offer an opinion.

What, then, is Dr. Drummond's aim in this deeply interesting utterance, sent forth, as he characteristically observes—but as everyone would have known even without this assurance—"with no side glances at the requirements or the approbation of a sect?" It is an utterance addressed neither to those who hold to the ecclesiastical dogma of the Incarnation in the sense of "the miraculous birth of the God-man from the Virgin," nor again to those who deny the necessity of any form of Christology, but to the large number in whose religious affections, while they recognise the results of modern scientific and critical inquiry, Jesus holds a large and unique place. It is this place which is to be more exactly defined.

At the outset the question arises, What is the basis upon which our conclusions on the problem of Christology are to rest? Where are we to find the sources of fundamental truth regarding the person of Christ? Neither in an infallible Bible, nor in an infallible Church, shall we discover such a source: we must seek for it, the author concludes, in the *Christian consciousness*—the specifically Christian sense of communion with God, and felt relationship with Christ—guarding, however, against the misuse of that consciousness which considers it an effectual substitute for the historical evidence necessary to substantiate traditional dogma: for, as we are reminded, "no subjective experience can prove the reality of a far distant historical event"—a veritable golden rule, too often forgotten by theologians.

We turn to the New Testament, then, not for "a number of little oracles," but in order to ascertain the impression made by Jesus upon the first disciples, in order to hear and weigh the testimony of the earliest Christian consciousness. Certainly, to his contemporaries

* Some Thoughts on Christology, by the Rev. James Drummond, M.A., LL.D., D. Litt. London: Philip Green, 1902.

and immediate successors Jesus was above all the Teacher—yea, and more than a teacher, a prophet, who spoke with authority, *i.e.*, from direct inspiration, and not as the scribes, who merely—a truly felicitous description, this—"by a diligent application of artificial rules endeavoured to extract from ancient scriptures the divine light which was wanting in themselves."

Jesus, then, in St. Luke's words, impressed the disciples as "a prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people." But can we content ourselves with accepting his doctrine by itself, and would that doctrine have the same hold on us supposing its originator were forgotten? In other words, is it true that, as Theodore Parker put it, "If Christianity be true at all, it would be just as true if Herod or Catiline had taught it?"

This is, of course, the real crux of the lecture; upon the decision of this point depends the answer to the whole question whether we need a Christology or not; and we are deeply grateful to Dr. Drummond for having brought his eminently judicial mind to bear upon it. The truth of the Copernican astronomy, he says, would remain unaffected even were Copernicus dissolved into a solar myth; is it so with the teaching of Christ? Can we eliminate his personality without affecting the result? The answer is—and everyone who has been privileged to work under Dr. Drummond will know how carefully these words must have been weighed by him—that, whatever may be true of some exceptionally gifted individuals, "To the ordinary Christian consciousness Christ and his teaching blend into one indissoluble whole. *The Word . . . . has become flesh, and apart from the flesh, from the human personality in which it dwelt and revealed itself in speech and deed, in tone and gesture,—it does not, indeed, become dumb; but it is diminished in power and contracted in range.** The teaching is only a partial expression of the spirit that made its tabernacle within . . . . Accordingly, if you removed the image of Christ . . . even if you retained a statement of the truth which he taught, you would not only create a sense of sorrowing bereavement, but you would greatly weaken, and might even shatter, its moral and spiritual ideal."

We can do no more than allude here to the lucid distinction Dr. Drummond draws between scientific truths, which are apprehended by the discursive understanding, and spiritual truths, which are spiritually discerned. That is why "Christian truth is retained in the world, not by dead propositions, but by living persons," and why he who first announced it remains its permanent revealer; that is why "We can know the Father only through the spirit of the Son dwelling in our hearts by faith."

Jesus, then, is not merely an example; indeed, the circumstances of his life differed so much from any now obtaining that he is not so much a model as a spirit of life, "a force of inward life, which nurtures with holy love the spiritual roots of our being." Without denying direct communion between the soul and God, the person of Christ remains the great mediating agent who "has brought the love of God closer to human consciousness, and changed into a living sense of personal communion that large and vague belief with which men endeavoured to look into the infinite abyss of being, and adored the unseen Power whom none can find out unto perfection." Such an effect could not have been wrought by a mere scheme of doctrines, but only by a vivifying personality, a "great redeeming soul."

We must gather up in the fewest words the conclusions which Dr. Drummond deduces from these facts of the Christian consciousness—the conclusions which, of course, constitute the "Christology" of which we are in search. We shall, in the light of the facts just referred to, certainly regard Jesus as "a *man* in the full and complete sense of the word"—a man approved of God—and deny whatever nullifies or obscures the doctrine of that humanity. We shall further regard him as the *Christ*, anointed with holy spirit and power by God, who also "anointed us. . . and gave us the earnest of the spirit in our hearts." We shall acknowledge him as *Saviour*, in the sense that "the prevalence of his spirit is the only agency that can redeem society." We shall be justified in speaking of him as *Lord*, using that term not as an empty proper name, but employing it on fitting occasions "to express our profound reverence for Christ's leadership." Finally, we shall confess him as the *Son of God*, the supreme manifestation of the Word or Thought of God, though still "the first-born among many brothers," revealing to us in his own person the Divine Sonship of man. It is

* Italics ours.

through this revelation that man has come to know himself as "the image and glory of God," the "partaker of the Divine nature." This indwelling of God in man, the possibility of an "intercommunion where the Divine and human indissolubly blend," was "the mighty and illuminating truth that flashed into the disciples' hearts from the face of Jesus Christ." And hence, "if the spirit of holiness is the Spirit of God which dwelt in him, and thus there is a metaphysical connection between him and God, so is it also, in varying degrees, with his followers." The importance of this last statement seems to us very great; but, indeed, the whole lecture constitutes a distinct theological landmark.

We have, for the reason already stated, deemed it more becoming to furnish simply a rapid—and by no means exhaustive—summary of Dr. Drummond's pages than to venture upon comments; perhaps, however, we may be permitted one or two remarks in conclusion. It seems to us, in the first place, that the note struck by Dr. Drummond ought to appeal to, and to be welcomed by, many spiritually-minded men and women in our Churches. We cannot help thinking that there are numbers who have been waiting for just such an utterance—so weighty, so calm, informed with such a serene Christian spirit—and that to this large circle it will prove eminently helpful. Secondly, it is reasonable to hope that this pronouncement may pave the way for a better mutual appreciation between groups of Christians outwardly divided, and remove some of the misapprehensions our Churches are suffering under. It will be remembered that the *Christian World*, when reporting the lecture on the occasion of its delivery, drew marked attention to its character, and spoke of it as likely to exercise an influence far beyond the bounds of the constituency to which it was immediately addressed: *adsit omen*—may the event bear out the prediction!

Lastly, it does appear to us as though this finely-balanced address ought to provide a basis for a better understanding on this great question within our own religious communion. Dr. Drummond has shown—conclusively, to our thinking—why any attempt to remove the person of Christ from the centre of Christianity must be attended by unsatisfactory results. On the other hand, there is assuredly no disposition in any quarter of our household of faith to *subordinate* the teaching to the personality of Jesus: what has been claimed is that the latter is an essential part of the Gospel, and cannot be relegated to a merely historical position but to the detriment of our spiritual life. There may have been a tendency to overemphasise, now this, and now the other, of these two mutually complementary features; but in truth neither can be wisely separated from the other, neither exalted at the expense of the other. There is no question here of "primary" and "secondary;" both factors are equally indispensable—neither is sufficient by itself: it is the two together which constitute Christianity. If it should help to promote among us a fuller apprehension of this all-important truth, the Essex Hall Lecture for 1902 will be memorable for bringing about a consummation devoutly to be wished.

J. WARSCHAUER.

Doll Philosophy.

"No, thanks, aunty," answers a winsome little maiden in one of the drawings of the modern leader of artistic humour—"no, thanks," refusing the offer of a new doll. "I should never love another doll like this; for see, it has only got one eye, one leg, and one arm; and nobody would care for it if I didn't. Proper Dolls can take care of themselves, you know!" What devoted fidelity shines out of this smile-provoking logic—what love, tender and helpful, covering all defects of the object loved! What a glimpse of character is there—a crooked, comic reflection, but a very bright one, thrown from a womanly character somewhere in the future, self-forgetting and true, faithfully cheering some life that needs comfort, or devoted to some weak, erring mortal, whom love makes dearer that perfection, and whom "nobody would care for if she didn't."

As an index of the mysteries shut up in little maidens, the commonest Doll is a wonderful thing. The child-owner is peculiarly sensitive about it, especially if the boys quarrel with it, or if Paterfamilias, unaware of the ubiquitous nature of Dolls, sits down upon it in his arm-chair to read his evening paper; or if Materfamilias exiles it from society downstairs because of its propensity for shedding bran. Oh! those Dolls, what

tell-tales they become; not the talking Dolls alone—which tell no more than the dumb rag-bundles—but all the legion, even those that never winked an eye, or responded to a squeeze with an intestine squeak!

There is something humanly interesting about the whole of the Doll existence. Out of graves where, uncounted centuries ago, baby hands were folded to rest, with pagan rites, and the child's terra-cotta toys put in around their little owner ere the earth was thrown, under who knows what rain of tears, as real as ours—out of those graves of little ancients vanished in dust, they have dug up slim, straight, tiny human figures, made roughly of baked earth, some of them perhaps household gods of the nursery, but amongst them surely, judging from the rest of the toys, that wonderful thing the doll of antiquity. The mimic child in the child's possession seems to be, in some form or other, almost as old and universal an institution as children themselves; and for all we know, the professors of scientific comparison might have a great deal to say about these universal play-things. But we are afraid of the havoc made by science in the nursery. We leave the problem of Doll development to the scientists—the same ruthless discoverers who have found out that Cinderella's slipper was not glass at all, but grass *vert*, not *verre*—and have otherwise tumbled down about our ears the prettiest ornaments of the old nursery castles-in-the-air. For our own part, we are content that Dolls were always dolls and have developed into nothing greater. Their sphere is the nursery. They are only denizens of child-world.

Rag, wood, and india-rubber, china, composition, and wax—we can imagine the immense Doll population gathering about us impatient for attention, and all leaning up against each other, for it is a peculiarity of Doll physique that, as regards standing up independently in the world, a Doll is unmatched for helplessness by anything under the sun—except a soda-water bottle. The weak point of the primitive rag-baby was the human face divine in coloured chintz, until at last it has been painted on white calico. The wooden genera of the family had an objectionable stare, and were too liable to be scalped. The china cousins suffered from fragile noses (and heads) and an unnatural shining skin. India-rubber got over the danger of breakage; but the immortals have, like old Tithonus, the gift of life with the gift of beauty forgotten, and the period of Doll existence being over, their washed-out Kaffir complexion is frightful to see. Composition with a thin skin of wax is the most popular in nursery society; but the *élite* of Dolls will ever be the waxen fair ones endowed with human hair. All Dolls' hair has at least one human property—that of falling off. But fortunately human baldness is a gradual sorrow; not like poor Dolly's, one shock of consternation. This is the most trying misfortune to a Doll-loving child. A creature with only one eye, one leg, and one arm, may still be cherished; but a scalped Doll is a monstrosity. Yet even greater defects than this can be cured; indeed, medical science pales beside the wonders done in a London "Dolls' Hospital." "What a beautiful Doll!" we once remarked to a communicative-looking little stranger. "Yes," said the communicative little one proudly, "and this is her *second* head!"

Large size is not necessary for the child's belief; and why should it be harder for a child to see full-sized humanity in a three-inch mannikin, than for us to see in a three-inch engraving, with no intermediate process of thought, the full immensity of mountain, forest, and sky? We confess we once believed size indispensable for sympathy, until we discovered the capability of young hearts for loving sensitively the least thing, when a blue-eyed little maiden was hurt in her feelings because her china two-inch Doll, clad with Spartan simplicity in cotton print that might be anything from a pinafore to a toga, was mischievously ducked in a Doll-bath of paint water—with her clothes on, as the child complained bitterly. The anxiety that the Doll should not catch cold, was evidence of some association of human feeling with those diminutive toys. The same child's other toys might have been immersed a dozen times without touching the sensitiveness which she bore for the semblance of a human thing in her possession. To other children, it is true, Dolls are nothing more than toys, and the old toy is thrown away to make room for the new toy in fine dress.

There remains one mystery yet. How is it that the little people who are not credulous

about Doll-life, are still not impressed by the human semblance of the toy, when they attack Dolly with the penknife or scissors, to discover, like boy and girl Frankensteins, the secrets of her vitality as regards inward squeaks or shutting eyes? How is it that even the callous school boy can extract the eyes of that flaxen-haired creature, without being startled by a sense of atrocity? How is it that his sister—who of course did not ever care for Adriana Matilda—can calmly accept possession of Adriana Matilda's eyes as curiosities, once Tommy has taken them out? Or how can she afterwards stuff her pincushion with Adriana Matilda's life-blood? These are awful and unanswerable queries; but this branch of the subject recalls so strongly our childish—imaginary—introduction to the secret chamber of Bluebeard, that we flee from it in horror, only hoping that the helpless damsels will find some knight of the nursery to take up their cause, and snatch them from Tommy next time while yet they are sound; yes, and send them straight to the Children's Hospital or the workhouse Infant Department, not for their own sakes of course, but for the sake of the weak and poor little ones, who would prize the toys that the children of the rich wantonly destroy.

Our last word about the treatment of Dolls is not our own, but comes from no less an authority than George Eliot. In one of those pages full of close observation of the ways and workings of human nature, she introduces a Doll in the hands of her heroine, a Doll under sad ill-treatment, and so introduced as a tell-tale of charcter. Maggie Tulliver, when she was still a shock-headed child—now as in after-years, faulty, impetuous, hot-hearted, exceedingly lovable—was wont to take refuge in an attic, to give vent to her childish troubles—those troubles that are described as so intensely heavy, because to children there is but little sense of other co-existent things or of a future. In this long loft under the roof there were cobwebs, and worm-eaten shelves, and a tub behind which she could hide and imagine the vengeance of nobody knowing where she was; and there was also "the trunk of a large wooden Doll, which once stared with the roundest of eyes and the reddest of cheeks," but which she now used as a sort of fetish, wrecking upon it her rage, or sorrow or vexation, driving nails into its head, knocking it upon the floor, grinding it against the brick columns of the chimneys going up through the middle of the loft, and all the while solacing herself by imagining it to be the person who was the absent cause of her trouble.

The whole proceeding—certainly in those pages either an actual or a possible fact—is meant to illustrate a character quite the reverse of cruel, but resolute and rebellious, with the originality of a strong nature. It is a passionate heart giving vent to anger, but really ruled by the need of loving and the power of loving. Can there be a doubt that in the days when the wooden Doll had still its red cheeks and round eyes, before it became the worn-out wooden trunk, there was never Doll more cherished and more hotly defended—even from Tom—than was this much abused fetish? A Doll of Maggie Tulliver's!—with what kisses and tears it must have been guarded once—and would be still if she had not changed its identity into the detested Aunt Glegg or any one else. As it stands, the passage describing the last dealings of Maggie Tulliver with its unoffending head, is one of the most curious illustrations of the ways of children and the fate of Dolls.—H.B.

Guild News.*

KIDDERMINSTER.—The 21st annual meeting of this healthy and successful *Guild* was held on Thursday, September 11th, the Warden (Rev. E. D. P. Evans) presiding. The report spoke with encouragement of the work and prospects of the *Guild*, which has a membership of 162. During the year "coming-of-age" celebrations were held, at which the Revs. C. Hargrove, M.A., and Joseph Wood assisted, and in commemoration of the event the *Guild* is about to put a window in the church at a cost of £50. Subscriptions are to be confined to present and past members. The Guild during the year has joined the *Guild Union*, and carried on its usual benevolent work. The *Guild* has a *nursing* section, which provides water bed, cushions, easy chair, Bath chair, for loan to the sick poor. A "Robin's" treat was provided in the winter for children of the poor. The usual monthly meetings show an average attendance of 69. The *Guild* is a vital element of the church life, and has done much to quicken interest in, and promote attendance at, the church services.

BIRMINGHAM.—*The Old Meeting Guild* has arranged to carry on recreative, literary, gymnastic, and sewing classes during the coming session. In addition to the *Guild* and *Junior Guild*, an *Intermediate Guild* has been formed for those being 13 and 15 years of age. Weekly meetings will be held with varied occupations.

* We shall be glad to receive from Secretaries of Guilds notices of meetings, and especially programmes of work, for the coming session.

News from the Field.

The months of *August and September* do not offer a fruitful time for the work of the Churches, and yet they yield their own important returns. It is cheering to record that at *Wolverhampton* the new temporary church —pretty, commodious, and finely-situated—was opened for public worship by the *Rev. J. C. Street*, of Shrewsbury, on Sunday, September 7th. There were good and attentive congregations; and the meeting on the following evening—attended by many of our ministers, by one Congregational minister, by representative Wesleyans, and others—was of a most helpful and encouraging character. *Mr. Higham* and the friends at Wolverhampton have now a splendid opening for good work.

Mr. Webster is stirring up the people at *Aberdeen* by his outdoor services, which are always well attended, and now he and his people are completing their plans for a new Church, which will greatly enlarge their means of permanent usefulness.

Summer Services have been conducted at *Colwyn Bay*, at *Windermere*, and at *Aberystwyth*. At the latter place, summer parties of Unitarians have gathered, services have been conducted, excursions to Unitarian Churches made, and a happy time spent by friends from various parts of the kingdom. We note with pleasure that the Aberystwyth Public Library, which adopted the Act so long ago as 1871 (of which the *Rev G. F. Evans* is chairman), keeps abreast of the times, and, as befits a University town, the committee has ordered *The Hibbert Journal* to be placed on the list of periodicals subscribed for from the funds. The *Ymofynydd* appears monthly on the tables and finds many readers.

Since our last "News from the Field," we are able to record that at *Stourbridge* a public welcome has been given to the *Rev E. H. Thomas, B A.*, on the opening of his ministry; that the old congregation at *Hu'l* has received and welcomed its new Pastor, the *Rev. F. H. Vaughan, B.A.;* and th t the *Rev. Jenkyn Thomas*, late of *Pendleton*, has begun his ministry at *Rawtenstall*. All these young men have a career before them, and they will be encouraged to do their best if only to keep up the good record of the Churches to which they will severally minister!

The *Stourbridge* friends have not forgotten their indebtedness to the *Rev. George St. Clair*, who for six months past has supplied their pulpit and won their esteem and good-will. They have, in a pleasing way, made presentations to him, and in kindly words assured him of the high value they set upon his services. *Mr. St. Clair*, we hear, is to take temporary charge of the *Dudley* pulpit.

So at *Paaiham* the people have taken a friendly farewell of *Mr. Wicksteed* and his wife, who have served them so well, and, as a last act, have presented a parsonage to the congregation.

All who know the *Rev. R. S. Redfern* will be glad to know that he has received and accepted a call to *Leigh*. He and the people are alike to be congratulated.

There will be a good deal of interest felt in the call which the congregation at *Colne* have given to the *Rev. Robert McGee*. *Mr. McGee* has rendered good service in the Congregational Ministry, but his views have enlarged beyond his former envir nment, and he has felt himself drawn into intellectual and spiritual sympathy with our Churches. His credentials are of a high order, and with the good-will of our leading ministers and laymen he is entering upon a ministry among us in which, we doubt not, he will prove himself to be a workman who needeth not to be ashamed.

The Church at Edinburgh has been closed for a month, so that ministers and people might be away for a rest. It is an experiment more frequently tried in America than with us; but whilst there is much to be said in its favour, it is open to many serious drawbacks.

But the *Liverpool* Missionary Association has taken a serious step in closing the Church and Sunday School at *Crewe*. No doubt there was much to discourage the supporters of the Church, but it is a grave course to take to close a place of worship and scatter a Sunday School in any place, and especially in such a centre of life and activity as the great Railway Metropolis of Crewe. It is to be hoped that we shall soon hear of a new effort, and the re-opening of Church and Schools.

The following paragraph, taken from a recent issue of the *Christian World*, is of an encouraging nature:— "Twelve new churches, 21 preaching stations, and 27 Ministers were added to the list of the American Unitarian Association last year; 16 of the ministers were received from other denominations. Services were resumed at eight places, and missionary preaching was maintained during the summer months at eight points. Attention was specially given during the year to missionary work among Spanish-speaking people. Tracts were printed in Spanish and distributed by post in Mexico and Cuba. The committee appointed to confer with the Universalists concerning union reports progress.

On October 5th and 6th the British and Foreign Unitarian Association and the Sunday School Association are to hold Autumnal Meetings at *Newcastle-on-Tyne*, where, no doubt, they will receive a hearty welcome, and gain a good deal of enlarged financial support. The work in Northumberland and its district needs to be stimulated and strengthened, and these meetings should prove a baptism of new life.

Belfast has been astir with the meetings of the British Association for the advancement of Science, and much interest has been excited. But the theologians are comparatively quiet. Very different was the condition of things when the last meeting took place in the city. Tyndall stirred the stagnant waters, and opened great flood-gates of controversy. Since then it has been discovered that there is no conflict between Science and Religion, but only between Science and an "Old" World Theology. So peace reigns in Belfast, and Science goes on its triumphal way.

The *Inquirer* is beginning to give hints and suggestions of better things for its readers. We hear of new contributors and new plans, and we begin to look forward with curiosity and pleasure to the developments which are in store. If only the venerable organ could give us the real spiritual and ethical music of the day, in tones that would touch heart and brain alike, it would have a prosperous future—a future we heartily desire for it.

SCRUTATOR.

September 16th, 1902.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Evening Song.

The Sun is weary, for he ran
So far and fast to-day;
The birds are weary, for who sang
So many songs as they?
The bees and butterflies at last
Are tired out; for just think, too,
How many gardens through the day
Their little wings have fluttered through.
And so, as all tired people do,
They've gone to lay their sleepy heads
Deep, deep in warm and happy beds.
The sun has shut his golden eye,
And gone to sleep beneath the sky.
The birds and butterflies and bees
Have all crept into flowers and trees,
And all lie quiet, still as mice,
Till morning comes, like father's voice.
So Phyllis, Owen, Geoffrey, you,
Must sleep away till morning too;
Close little eyes, lie down little heads,
And sleep, sleep, sleep in happy beds.

RICHARD LE GALLIENE.

Morning Song.

Morning comes to little eyes,
Wakens birds and butterflies,
Bids the flower uplift his head,
Calls the whole round world from bed.
Up jumps Geoffrey!
Up jumps Owen!
Up jumps Phyllis!!!
And father's going!

Lonely Children.

The leaves are dusty in the Park,
The grass is hard and brown;
I'm glad I've got a Noah's Ark,
But I'm sorry I'm in town.

A lot of little girls and boys
Are not so rich as me;
But, oh! I'd give them all my toys
For shells beside the sea.

L. A. TADEMA.

Rest.

When the Sun and the Golden Day
Hand-in-hand are gone away:
At your door shall Sleep and Night
Come and knock in the fair twilight;
Let them, twin travellers blest;
Each shall be an honoured guest,
And give you rest.

They shall tell of the stars and moon,
And their lips shall move to a sweet, sweet tune,
Till upon your cool, white bed
Falls at last your nodding head;
Then dreamland, fair and blest,
Farther off than East and West,
They give you rest.

Night and sleep, that goodly twain,
Though they go shall come again;
When your work and play are done,
And the Sun and Day are gone
Hand-in-hand through the scarlet West,
Each shall come an honoured guest,
And bring you rest.

Watching at your window sill,
If upon the Eastern hill
Sun and Day come back no more,
They shall lead you through the door
To their kingdom calm and blest,
Farther off than East or West,
And give you rest.

R. K. LEATHER.

The Seed Sower.

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